

outside himself; because he must make his mark—and until he has made it he will be unhappy. How many people are there who have drifted into hysteria and melancholia merely because they had no opportunity for the exercise of this right and natural desire? Some paint pictures, some compose, some sing songs, write poems, novels, anything, some talk, and some only ignorantly, wistfully, “sweep a room.” Never mind, it is their *Ego*—all they have to give, and to give truthfully is highest art. You will smile as you read and say, “What rubbish.” I know more than one who would, but I would only insist the more that since truth and art are one, the note book, being a true expression, is a sweet and flowery road to the great goal. Having then established its right to exist, we will consider one or two minor points.

The note books should be the agents of Nature, the great teacher who gives her lessons best from her own lips. Therefore, I should not in the perfect book have anything but what the writer has observed, and his own remarks thereon. There ought to be no copying either from dictation or book. Unless every observation has come through the senses of the person who notes it, the book as a work of art is not, and the lesson has not been learnt. Do you agree with me in saying that to allow dictation or even resumés of a natural history lesson is really a perversion of the original purpose of the Nature note book? If, however, these things must be, see that they have one part all to themselves, and are not mixed up promiscuously with the child's own work. Sometimes the children are slow at noticing or putting into words what they do notice, and then it is as well to help them, expecting them to bring before you every day some one thing they have remarked out of doors. It will soon become a habit and then the spur can be removed.

With regard to the brush-work; at the very first it may have to be left out altogether, but after a little practice the drawing from Nature might begin, and though it may spoil the arrangement of the book it is better that the first illustrations should be on separate paper, which can be inserted or not, as they are worthy or unworthy, because in the latter event (a likely one) if the drawing is on a page and cannot be removed the poor little artist is discouraged by a perpetual reminder of failure.

But you all know these things as well as I, and it is greedy to take up the space that others are so ready to fill. Only in conclusion let me remind you when you are tempted to think that time could be better employed what an endless source of pleasure our own books were to us at Ambleside.

F. R.

## THOUGHTFULNESS:

### AN ATTITUDE OF SOUL.

THE Boy Jesus said: “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?”—*S. Luke ii., 43, 50, R.V. marg.*

Here is another aspect of Thoughtfulness to which I think we, as teachers, may give much care and thought ourselves, in the training up of our older girls and boys. We must all, I feel sure, cordially agree with the idea in F.R.'s delightful paper in our last magazine, viz., that children, especially the little ones, should not be encouraged to become preternaturally thoughtful; but as they come to years of discretion, and one feels the need of an *inspiring idea of the loftiest type* wherewith to fire the young souls in our charge, is it not in keeping with the tender thoughtfulness of our Master that we find just what we need in the story of His own all-perfect example? Only once is the veil lifted which shrouds from a too curious gaze the quiet years between the infancy and manhood of our Divine Lord. The little, happy, holy child Who has clung with winsome loving ways to the holy Mother; Who has learned from her lips and at her knee the wondrous stories and teachings so precious to His nation—to Him there comes, with growing stature and increasing wisdom, some forecast of the great life-work before Him, and with all the energy of His boyhood He strengthens Himself for the conflict, assuming that attitude of soul which reveals itself in the question, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?” How well we know, even when the “hour was at hand” and He knew with all the intensity of a knowledge at once human and divine, the full bitterness of the cup He was about to drink, that He never swerved from this calm attitude of soul, this loyalty to His Father's business, but “set His face *steadfastly* to go to Jerusalem!”

And as the dear boys and girls shoot up “as the young plants”; as their knowledge daily grows “from more to more,” do we not feel that we need the stimulus of some great idea to put before them—something that shall make them feel that they *want* to grow day by day more and more like unto Him who is to be the Guide of their youth, as He has been the Protector of their childhood? Something that shall fire them,



like the Crusaders of old, to arm for the fight, not as then, against flesh and blood, but against the powers of evil—something that shall make them feel that *each* one of *them* is called to be a standard-bearer in the fight, something that will make each realise the individual application of the command, "Be ye holy *for* I am holy!" And what can we find higher, nobler than this, viz., the idea of the Father's business waiting even now for the time when they, with well trained bodies and minds and souls, shall be able to undertake it in the quickly approaching years.

Yes, let us help them one by one to realise a little of what the Beloved Apostle means by: "My little children, *now* are we the sons of God," or the loftiness of the aim set before us by that brave, indomitable pioneer of the Christian Faith, S. Paul, when he says, "Be ye therefore followers (i.e., *imitators*) of God, as dear children." Let us see to it, dear fellow-students, that none of the young lives with which we are brought into contact, either in regular teaching or *otherwise*, are suffered to go forth into life's battle without this attitude of Christ our Master towards His work having been put before them, with earnest prayer on our own side that the words spoken by us may not be suffered to return unto Him "void." Let us read and re-read that most helpful paper in the February *P.R.*, "The Boy Jesus." In it the idea of the "must" is the one most forcibly brought out. Let us add to it this thought, viz., that the boys and girls of to-day are the human instruments through whom the Father's business in this world is to be done in the near future. If we do this, and "watch unto prayer," we shall not fail to recognise the critical moment when the inspiring idea may be given: "I, too, must turn and look at the work my Father is preparing for me that I may be ready as a 'trained athlete' to run the race that is set before me." When any young eager boy or girl has grasped this truth, thoughtfulness will become "an attitude of soul," and the maxim, "Throw perfection into all that you do" will be daily more and more acted upon. Then, as they "increase in wisdom and stature," they will learn to look more and more outward and upward into the face of their Father God, there to seek the strength which shall enable them loyally, manfully, joyously, obediently to go on preparing for the time when they, too, shall be privileged to help in the administration of "the Father's business."

C. F. BARNETT.

## POEM:

### "A NATURE WALK."

THE sun was shining on the lake,  
Shining with all his might—  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright;  
And all the little students stood  
And gazed in sheer delight.

"Oh, students! come and walk with me,"  
Miss Hodgson did beseech;  
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the shingly beach.  
I cannot do with more than four,  
To have a chat with each."

Four little students hurried up,  
All ready for the trot,  
With badges and with walking-sticks,  
With basket and what not;  
They had on coats—and that was odd,  
Because it was so hot.

Miss Hodgson and her company  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested in a ditch  
And poked about below;  
At least, Miss Hodgson did, but they  
Stood waiting in a row.

"The time is come," Miss Hodgson said,  
To talk of many things,  
Of Scrophulariaceæ,  
Of butterflies and wings;  
Of why the limestone rock is here,  
And why the cricket sings.